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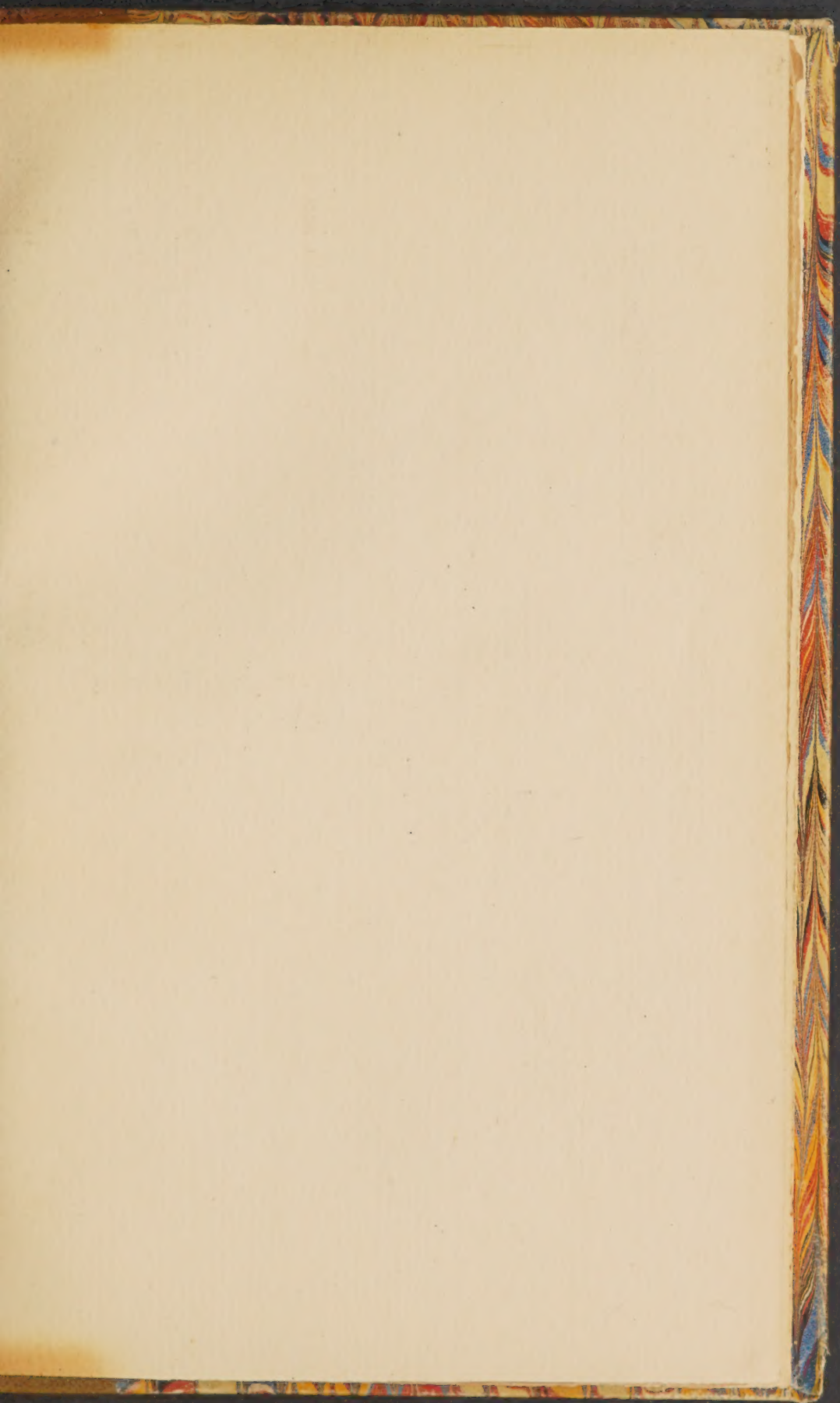


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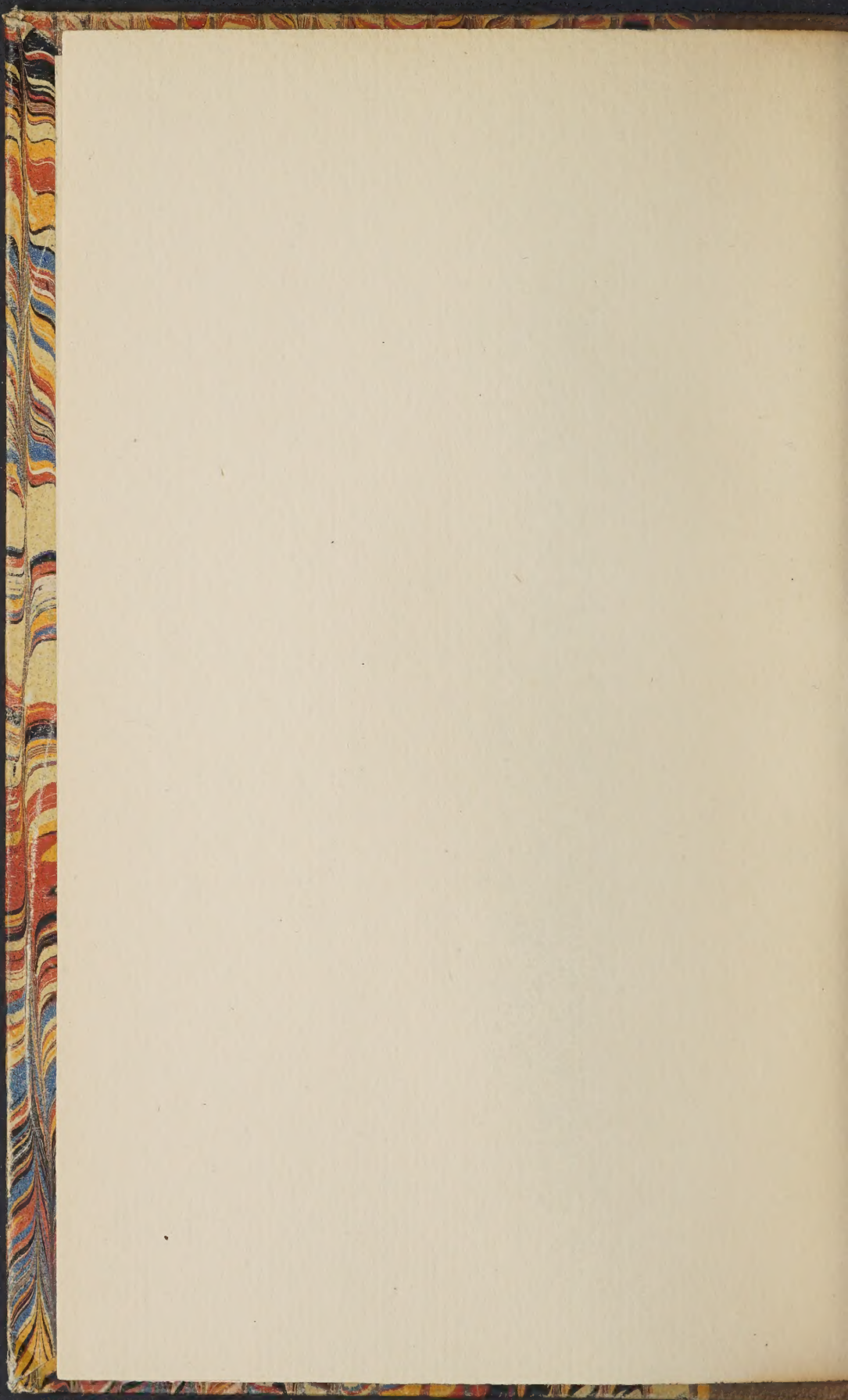
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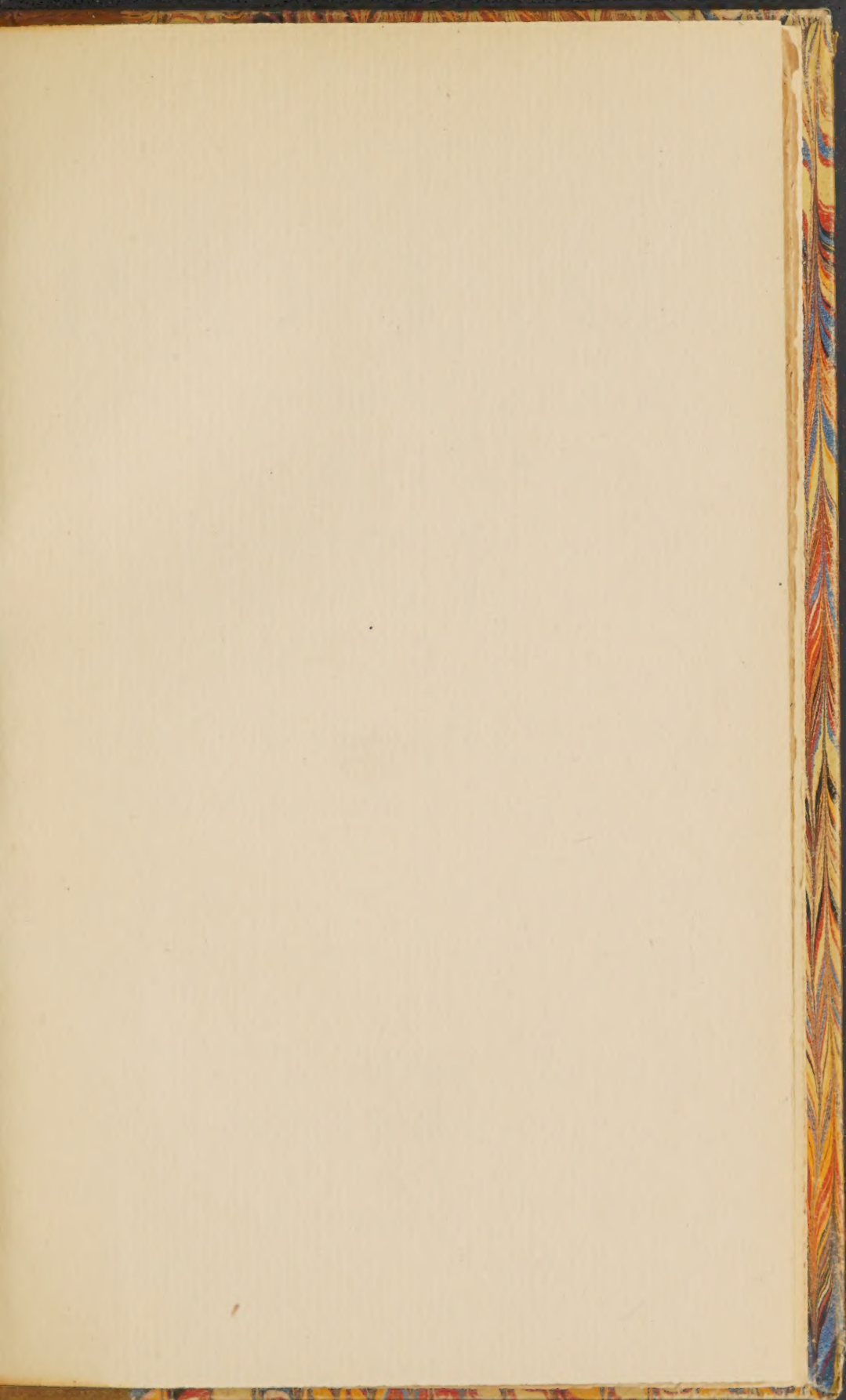
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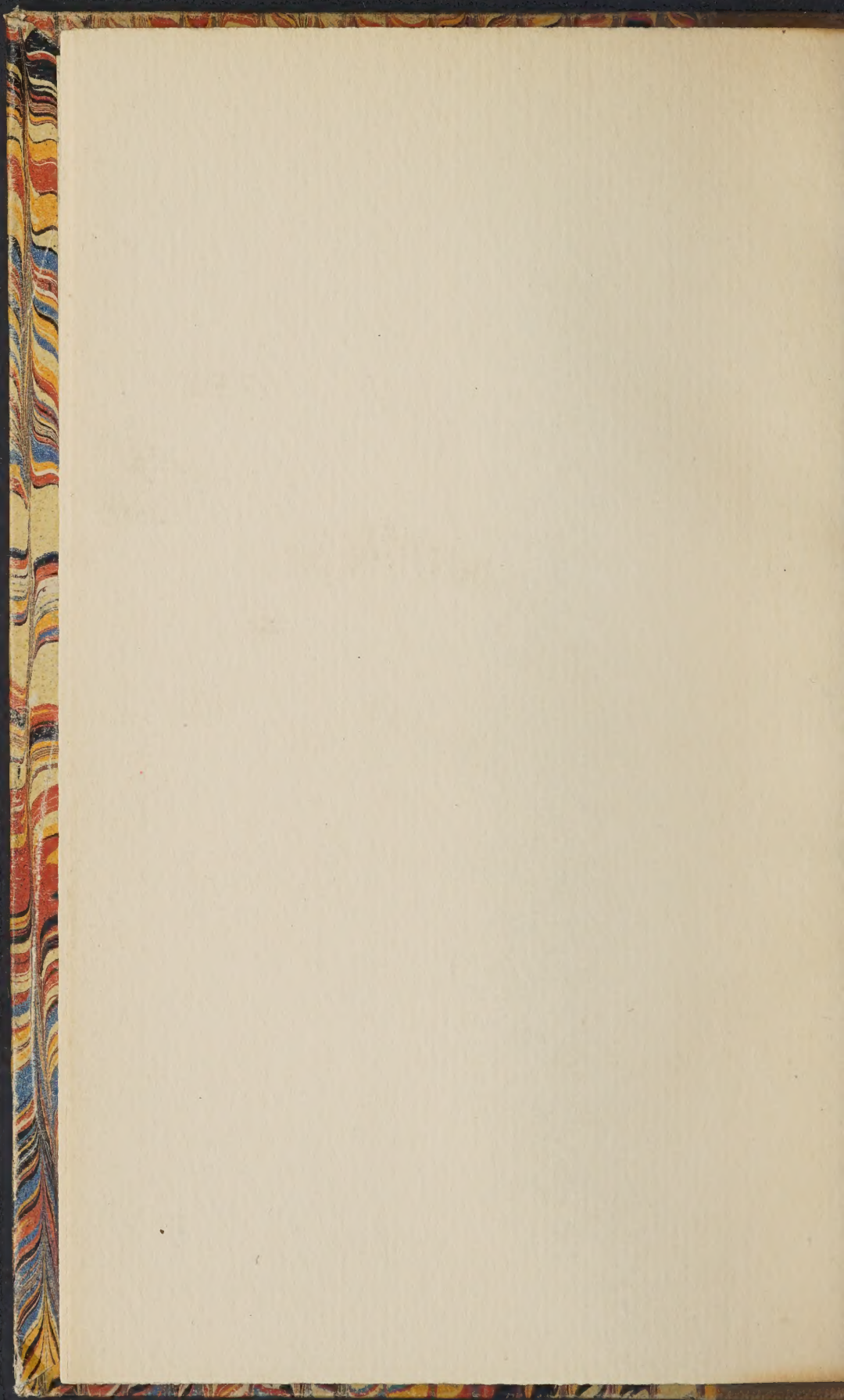














BAUCIS and PHILEMON:

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A

P O E M

On the Ever-lamented Loss of the  
Two YEW-TREES,

In the Parish of *Chilthorne*, near the  
County-Town of *Somerset*.

Together with

Mrs. *Harris's* Earnest Petition:  
And an Admirable R E C I P E.

---

*By the Author of The Tale of a Tub.*

---

A S A L S O

An O D E upon *Solitude*:  
*By the Earl of Roscommon.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by *H. Hills*, in *Black-Fryars*, near  
the Water-side, 1710.

WILLIAM W. WOOD

# MEMOIR

OF THE LIFE AND DEEDS OF

THOMAS W. WOOD

BY  
WILLIAM W. WOOD

NEW YORK  
PUBLISHED BY  
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1854

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*The Metamorphosis of Baucis and Philemon,  
Burlesqu'd; from the 8th Book of Ovid.*

**I**N Ancient Times, as Story tells;  
The Saints would often leave their Cells,  
And strole about, but hide their Quality,  
To try good Peoples Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter-Night,  
As Authors of the Legend write,  
Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,  
Taking their Tour in Masquerade,  
Disguis'd in Habits, poor and rent,  
To a small Village in *Somerset* went;  
Where in the Strolers Canting Strain,  
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain;  
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,  
But not a Soul wou'd let them in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,  
Treated at this ungodly Rate.  
Having through all the Village past,  
To a small Cottage came at last,  
Where dwelt a good honest Yeoman,  
Call'd in the Neighbourhood *Philemon*,  
Who kindly did the Saints invite  
In his poor Hut to pass the Night;  
And then the Hospital Sire,  
Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire;  
Whilst he from out the Chimney took  
A Flich of Bacon off the Hook,  
And freely from the fattest Side  
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd:  
Then stept aside to fetch them Drink,  
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,

And saw it fairly twice go round ;  
 Yet ( what is wonderful ) they found ,  
 'Twas still replenish'd to the Top ,  
 As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop .  
 The good old Couple were amaz'd ,  
 And often on each other gaz'd :  
 For both were frighted to the Heart ,  
 And just began to cry , What art !  
 Then softly turn'd aside to view ,  
 Whether the Lights were burning blue ;  
 The gentle Saints were soon aware on't ,  
 Told them their Calling , and their Errand :  
 Good Folks , you need not be afraid ,  
 We are but Saints , the Hermits said ,  
 No Hurt shall come to you or yours ;  
 But for that pack of Churlish Boors ,  
 Not fit to live on Christian Ground ,  
 They , and their Houses , shall be drown'd :  
 Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise ,  
 And grow a Church before your Eyes .  
 They scarce had spoke , when fair and soft ,  
 The Roof began to mount aloft :  
 Aloft rose ev'ry Beam , and Rafter ,  
 The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after .  
 The Chimney widen'd , and grew higher ,  
 Became a Steeple with a Spire ;  
 The Kettle to the Top was hoist ,  
 And there stood fastned to a Joist ;  
 But with the upside down , to shew  
 Its inclination for below .  
 In vain : For a Superiour Force  
 Apply'd at bottom . stops its Course ,  
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell ;  
 'Tis now no Kettle , but a Bell .  
 A Wooden Jack , which had almost ,  
 Lost by disuse the Art to Roast ;  
 A sudden Alteration feels ,  
 Increas'd by new intestine Wheels .



But what exalts the Wonder more,  
 The Number made the Motion slower :  
 The Flyer, though't had leaden Feet,  
 Turr'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see it;  
 But slacken'd by some secret Power,  
 Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.  
 The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,  
 Had never left each others side ;  
 The Chimney to a Steeple grown,  
 The Jack would not be left alone,  
 But up against the Steeple rear'd,  
 Became a Clock, and still adher'd :  
 And still its Love to Household Cares,  
 By a shrill Voice at Noon declares ;  
 Warning the Cook-maid not to burn  
 That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.  
 The Groaning Chair began to crawl,  
 Like an huge Snail, along the Wall ;  
 Then stuck aloft in publick view,  
 And with small Change a Pulpit grew.  
 The Porringers that in a Row,  
 Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,  
 To a less noble Substance chang'd,  
 Were now but Leathern Buckets rang'd.  
 The Ballads pasted on the Wall,  
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll* ;  
*Fair Rosamond*, and *Robin-Hood*,  
 The *Little Children in the Wood*,  
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,  
 Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter,  
 And high in Order plac'd, describe  
 The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.  
 A Bedstead of the Antique Mode,  
 Compact of Timber, (many a Load )  
 Such as our Ancestors did use,  
 Was Metamorphos'd into Pews ;  
 Which still their ancient Nature keep,  
 By lodging Folks dispos'd to sleep.

The Cottage by such feats as these,  
 Grown to a Church by just degrees :  
 The Hermits then desir'd their Host,  
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.  
*Philemon* having paus'd a while,  
 Return'd them Thanks in homely Stile :  
 Then said ; My House is grown so fine,  
 Methinks I still wou'd call it mine :  
 I'm Old, and fain wou'd live at Ease ;  
 Make me the Parson, if you please :  
 He spake, and presently he feels  
 His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels :  
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,  
 About each Arm a Pudding-Sleeve.  
 His Wastecoa to a Cassock grew,  
 And both assum'd a Sable Hue ;  
 But being Old, continu'd just  
 As Thread-bare, and as full of Dust.  
 His Talk was now of Tythes, and Dues,  
 Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;  
 Knew how to Preach old Sermons next,  
 Vampt in the Preface and the Text.  
 At Christnings well could get his part,  
 And had the Service all by Heart ;  
 Wish'd Women might have Children fast,  
 And thought whose Sow had Farrow'd last.  
 Against Dissenters would repine,  
 And stood up firm for *Right Divine*.  
 Found his Head fill'd with many a System,  
 But Classick Authors he ne'er miss'd them.  
 They having furbish'd up a Parson,  
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd the Farce on ;  
 Instead of Home-spun Quoifs, were seen  
 Good Pinners, edg'd with Colberteene.  
 Her Petticoats transform'd apace,  
 Became Black Satin flounc'd with Lace.  
 Plain Goody would no longer down,  
 'Twas Madam in her Grogram Gown.



*Philemon* was in great Surprise,  
 And hardly could believe his Eyes;  
 Amaz'd to see her look so Prim,  
 And she admir'd as much at him.  
 Thus happy in their Change of Life,  
 Were several Years this Man and Wife:  
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,  
 Discoursing on Old Storys past,  
 They went by chance amidst their Talk,  
 To the Church-yard to take a Walk:  
 When *Baucis* hastily cry'd out,  
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout.  
 Sprout, quoth the Man, what's this you tell us?  
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous:  
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true,  
 And truly yours is budding too.  
 Nay, now I cannot stir my Foot,  
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root.  
 Description would but tire my Muse;  
 In short they both were turn'd to Yews.  
 Hon<sup>d</sup> old Goodman *Haine* of Hill,  
 Says, methinks I shou'd see 'em still:  
 He'll talk of them from Noon till Night,  
 And goes with Folks to shew the sight:  
 On *Sundays*, after Ev'ning-Prayer,  
 He gathers all the Parish there:  
 Points out the Place of either Yew;  
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.  
 Till once a Parson of our Town,  
 To mend his Barn cut *Baucis* down:  
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,  
 How much the other Tree was griev'd;  
 Grew Surly, Died, at Top was Stunted;  
 So the same Parson Stubb'd, and burnt it.

The Court

*To Their Excellencies, &c.*

The Humble Petition of *Frances Harris*,  
Who must starve, and die a Maid, if it miscarries.

*Humbly sheweth,*

**T**Hat I went to warm my self in Lady *Betty's* Chamber, because I was Cold,  
And I had in a Purse, Seven Pounds and Four Shillings,  
(besides Farthings) in Money, and Gold :  
So because I had been buying things for my Lady last Night,  
I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was right.  
Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very bad Lock ;  
Therefore all the Money I have, which, God knows, is a very small Stock ,  
I keep in a Pocket ty'd about my middle, next my Smock.  
So when I put up my Purse, as God would have it, my Smock was unript ;  
And instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it A slipt.  
A Then the Bell rung, and I went down Stairs to put my A Lady to Bed ;  
F When, God knows, I thought my Money as safe as B my Maidenhead.  
T So when I came up again , I found my Pocket very D. light ;  
But when I search'd and miss'd my Purse, Lord ! I thought I should have sunk outright :  
Lord ! *Madam*, says *Mary*, how d'ye do ? Indeed, says I, never worse :  
I But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my Purse !  
Lord



Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this for you  
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady *Betty's* Chamber, that's  
a plain Case.

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm;  
However, she stole away my Garters, that I might do  
my self no Harm:

So I tumbled and toss'd all Night, as you may very  
well think,

But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a Wink.  
So I was dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd  
the Folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. *Duke's* Box, ty'd in a Rag, the  
Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a swearing;  
Then Mrs. *Wadgar* came, and she, you know, is thick  
o' hearing:

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know  
what a Loss I have had?

Nay, said she, my Lord \* *Gallaway's* Folks are all very sad.  
For my Lord † *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail;  
Pugh! said I, but that's not the Business I ail.

Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this Five and  
Twenty years, come Spring;

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a  
Thing.

Yes, says the Steward, when I was at my Lady *Shrews-*  
*bury's*,

Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time of  
Goosberries.

So I went to the Party suspected, and found her full of  
Grief;

Now you know, of all things in the World I hate  
Thief:

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse slyly about  
Mrs. *Duke's*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd  
out;

\* *Gallaway.*

† *Drogbda.*

The Devil that I value the Money Three Skips of a House  
But the thing I stand upon, is the Credit of the House.

'Tis true, Seven pound, Four shillings and Six pence  
makes a great Hole in my Wages;

Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these  
Ages.

Now Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body under-  
stands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge——Money can't go without  
Hands.

The Devil take me, said she, blessing her self, if ever  
saw't!

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as tho' I had call'd her to  
naught:

So you know, what could I say to her any more,  
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was be-  
fore.

Well: But then they would have had me gone to the  
Cunning-Man:

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the Chaplain will be  
here anon.

So the Chaplain came in; now the Servants say, he  
my Sweet-heart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take  
his Part:

So, as the Devil would have it, before I was aware, out  
I blunder'd;

*Parson*, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a Body  
plunder'd?

Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like  
the Devil;

Truly, said he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be  
more civil:

If your Money be gone, as a Learned Divine says  
d'ye see,

You are no Text for my handling, take that from me

But

P



was never taken for a Conjuror before, I'd have you to know :

Lord, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so ;

You know I honour the Cloth ; I design to be a *Parson's* Wife ;

I never took one in your Coat for a Conjuror in all my Life :

With that, he twisted his Girdle like a Rope, as who should say,

Now you may go hang your self for me, and so went away.

Well, I thought I should have swoon'd : Lord, said I, what shall I do ?

I have lost my Money, and shall lose my True-Love too.

Then my Lord call'd me ; *Harris*, said my Lord, don't cry,

I'll give something towards thy Loss ; and, says my Lady, so will I.

Oh but, said I, what if after all, my Chaplain won't come to ?

For that, he said, (and't please your Excellencies) I must petition you.

The Premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your Excellencies Protection,

And that I may have share in next *Sundays* Collection :

And over and above, that I may have your Excellencies Letter,

With an Order for the Chaplain aforesaid ; or instead of him a better :

And then your poor Petitioner, both Night and Day, Or the Chaplain, for 'tis his Trade, as in Duty bound, shall pray.

A N

## Admirable R E C I P E.

**M**Iss *Molly*, a fam'd Toast, was Fair and Young,  
Had Wealth and Charms,—but then she had a  
Tongue!

From Morn to Night th' Eternal Larum run,  
Which often lost those Hearts her Eyes had won.

Sir *John* was smitten, and confess'd his Flame,  
Sigh'd out the usual Time, then wed the Dame:  
Possess'd he thought of ev'ry Joy of Life,  
But his dear *Molly* prov'd a Very Wife.

Excess of Fondness did in Time decline,  
*Madam* lov'd Money, and the *Knight* lov'd Wine.

From whence some petty Discord would arise,  
As, *You're a Fool*; — and, *You are mighty Wise!*

Tho' he and all the World allow'd her Wit,  
Her Voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet.  
When she began, — for Hat and Sword he'd call,  
Then, after a faint Kiss, *Cry*, B'y, Dear *Moll*:  
Supper and Friends expect me at the *Rose*.

And, what, Sir *John*, You'l get your usual Dose!  
Go, stink of Smoak, and gulle nasty Wine,  
Sure, never Virtuous Love was us'd like mine!

Oft, as the watchful Bellman march'd his Round,  
At a fresh Bottle gay Sir *John* he found.

By Four the *Knight* would get his Business done,  
And only then reel'd off,—because alone;  
Full well he knew the dreadful Storm to come,  
But arm'd with *Bourdeaux*, he durst venture Home.

My Lady with her Tongue was still prepar'd,  
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:

'Tis



'Tis a fine Hour! In a sweet Pickle made!  
 And this, Sir *John*, is ev'ry Day the Trade.  
 Here I sit moping all the live-long Night,  
 Devour'd with Spleen, and Stranger to Delight:  
 'Till Morn sends staggering Home a Drunken Beast,  
 Resolv'd to break my Heart, as well as Rest.

Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my damn'd obstrep'rous Spouse!  
 What, can't you find one Bed about the House!  
 Will that perpetual Clack lie never still!  
 That Rival to the Softness of a Mill!

Some Couch and distant Room must be my Choice,  
 Where I may sleep uncurs'd with Wife and Noise.

Long this uncomfortable Life they led,  
 With snarling Meals, and each a separate Bed.  
 To an old Uncle oft she would complain,  
 Beg his Advice, and scarce from Tears refrain;  
 Old *Wisewood* smok'd the Matter as it was,  
 Cheer up, cry'd he! and I'll remove the Cause.

A wond'rous Spring within my Garden flows,  
 Of Sov'reign Virtue, chiefly to compose  
 Domestick Jarrs, and Matrimonial Strife,  
 The best Elixir t'appease Man and Wife;  
 Strange are th' Effects, the Qualities Divine,  
 'Tis Water call'd, but worth its Weight in Wine.  
 If in his sullen Airs, Sir *John* should come,  
 Three Spoonfuls take, hold in your Mouth--then Mum:  
 Smile, and look Pleas'd, when he shall Rage and Scold,  
 Still in your Mouth the Healing Cordial hold,  
 One Month this Sympathetick Med'cin try'd,  
 He'll grow a Lover, you, a Happy Bride.  
 But dearest Neece keep this Grand Secret close,  
 Or ev'ry prating Hussy'll beg a Dose.

A Water-Bottle's brought for her Relief,  
 Not *Nants* could sooner ease the Lady's Grief:  
 Her busy Thoughts are on the Tryal bent,  
 And Female-like, impatient for th' Event.

The Bounty Knight reels Home exceeding clear,  
 Prepar'd for Clamour, and Domestick War.

Entring,

Ent'ring, he cries,—Hey! Where's our Thunder fled!  
 No Hurricane! *Betty's* your Lady dead!  
 Madam, aside, an ample Mouthful takes,  
*Curt'sy's*, looks Kind, but not a Word she speaks:  
 Wond'ring, he star'd, scarcely his Eyes believ'd,  
 But found his Ears agreeably deceiv'd.  
 Why, How now, *Molly*, What's the Crotchet now?  
 She smiles, and answers only with a Bow.  
 Then clasping her about, Why, let me Dye!  
 These Nightclothes, *Moll*, become thee mightily!  
 With that, he sigh'd, her Hand began to press,  
 And *Betty* calls her Lady to undress.  
 Nay, kiss me, *Molly*, for I'm much inclin'd.  
 Her Lace she cuts to take him in the Mind.  
 Thus the Fond Pair to Bed enamour'd went,  
 The Lady pleas'd, and the good Knight content.  
 For many Days these Fond Endearments pass'd,  
 The Reconciling Bottle fails at last;  
 'Twas us'd and gone,—Then Midnight Storms arose,  
 And Looks and Words, the Union discompose.  
 Her Coach is order'd, and Post-haste she flies;  
 To beg dear Uncle for some fresh Supplies;  
 Transported does the strange Effects relate,  
 Her Knight's Conversion, and her happy State!  
 Why, Niece, says he,—I prithee apprehend,  
 The Water's Water,—Be thy self thy Friend;  
 Such Beauty would the coldest Husband warm,  
 But your provoking Tongue undoes the Charm:  
 Be silent, and complying,—You'll soon find,  
 Sir *John*, without a Med'cin, will be kind.

*Postscript.*

In Marriage are Two happy Things allow'd,  
 A Wife in Wedding-Sheets, and in a Shroud.  
 How can a Marriage-State then be accurs'd,  
 Since the Last Day's as happy as the First.



A N

## ODE upon SOLITUDE.

I.

**H**ail, Sacred *Solitude*! from this calm Bay,  
 I view the World's Tempestuous Sea;  
 And with wise Pride despise  
 All those senseless Vanities:  
 With Pity mov'd for others, cast away  
 On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em toss'd  
 On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:  
 Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,  
 Unhappy Men, or Adverse Fate,  
 Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.  
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,  
 Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but alas in vain,  
 Fly from her kind embracing Arms,  
 Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest Charms,  
 And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,  
 They in their Shipwreck'd State themselves obdurate  
 please.

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude*, Soul of my Soul,  
 It is by thee I truly live,  
 Thou do'st me better Life, and nobler Vigor give;  
 Do'st each unruly Appetite controul:  
 Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,  
 With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.  
 Presuming Love does ne'er invade  
 This private Solitary Shade,  
 And with fantastick Wounds, by Beauty made;

} The

The Joy has no Allay of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,  
 The solid Comforts of this happy Sphere ;  
 Yet I exalted Love admire,  
 Friendship, abhorring fordid Gain,  
 And purified from Lust's dishonest Stain :  
 Nor is it for my Solitude unfit,  
 For I am with my Friend alone,  
 As if we were but one ;  
 'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies,  
 But Friendship does two Souls in one comprise.

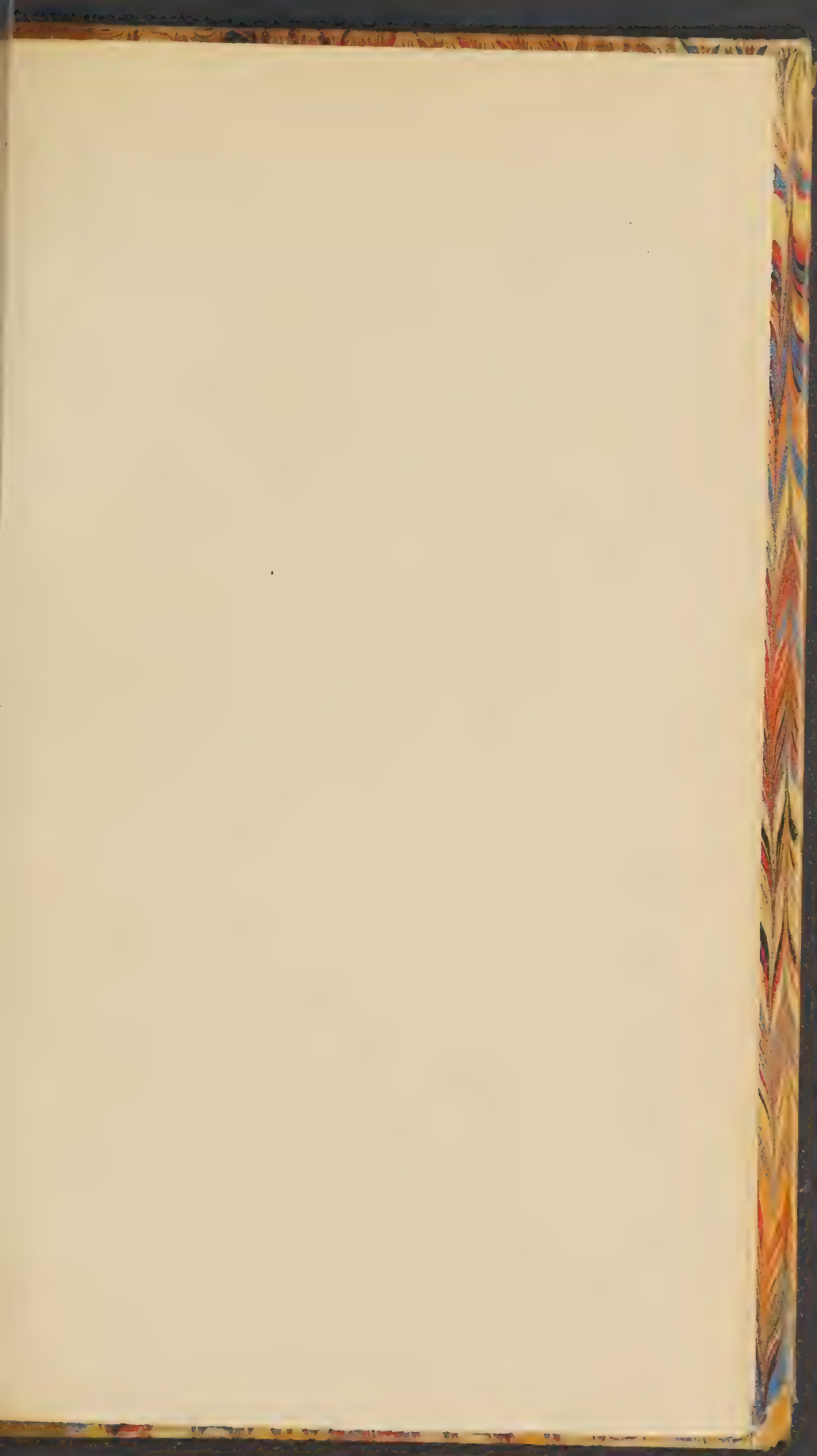
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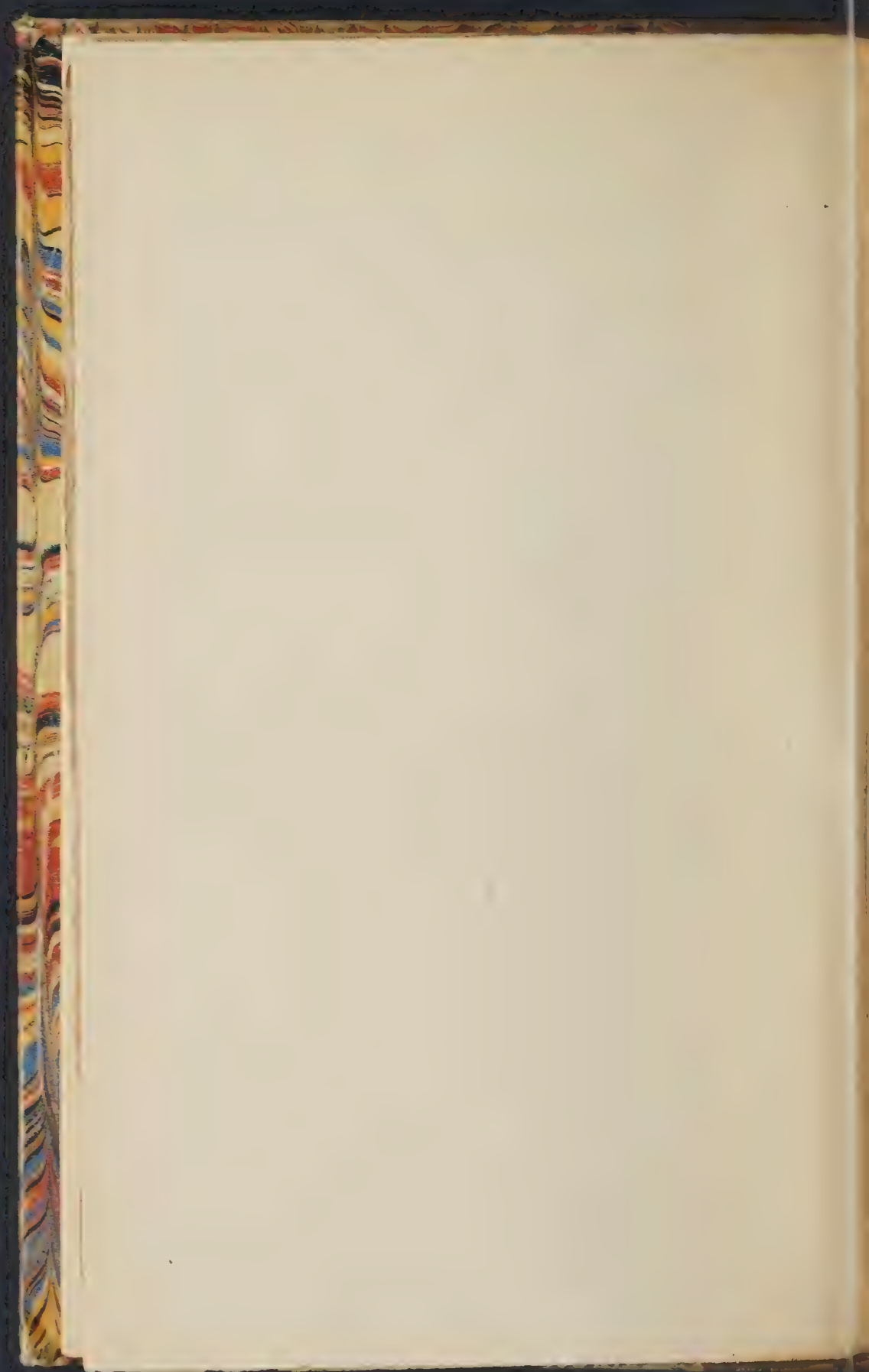
Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow  
 All Blessings Man can hope to know ;  
 Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find  
 Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the Mind ;  
 Pleasures which do from Friendship and from Know-  
 ledge rise,  
 Which make us happy, as they make us wise.  
 Here may I always on this downy Grass,  
 Unseen, unknown, my easy Minutes pass ;  
 Till with a gentle Force Victorious Death  
 My *Solitude* invade ;  
 And stopping for a-while my Breath,  
 With Ease convey me to a better Shade.

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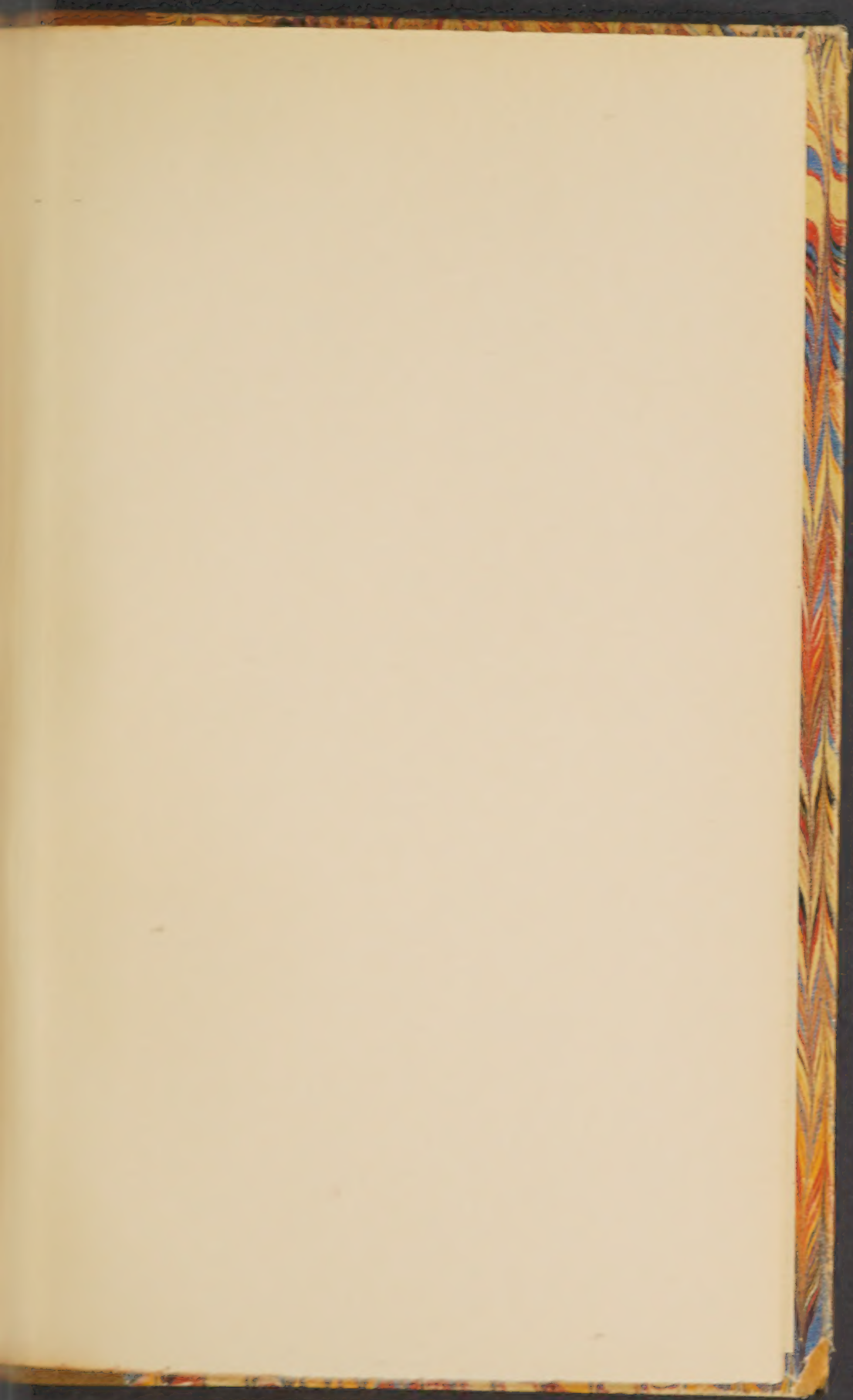
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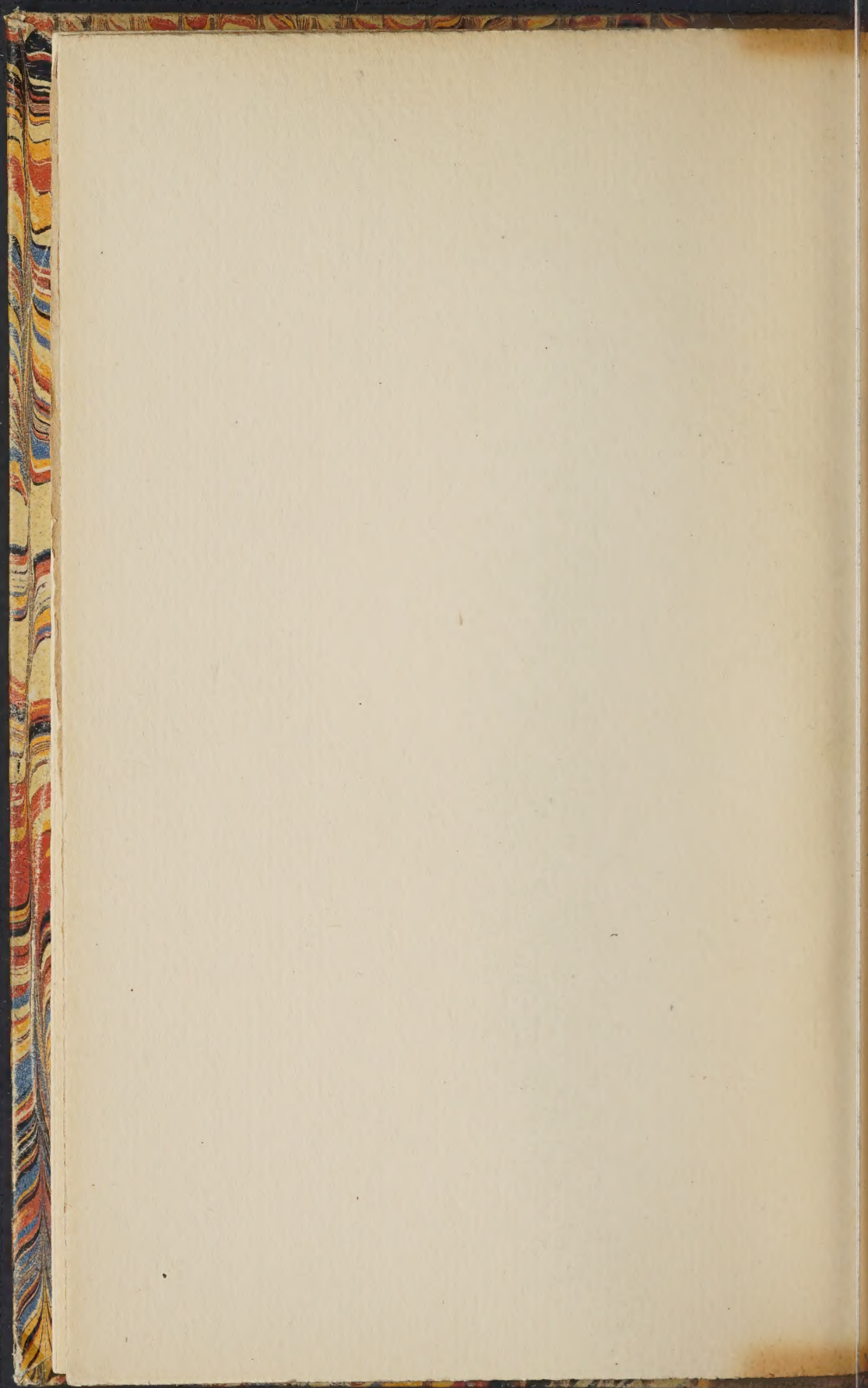














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